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# HEADS UP

Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Wednesday, March 19, 1919

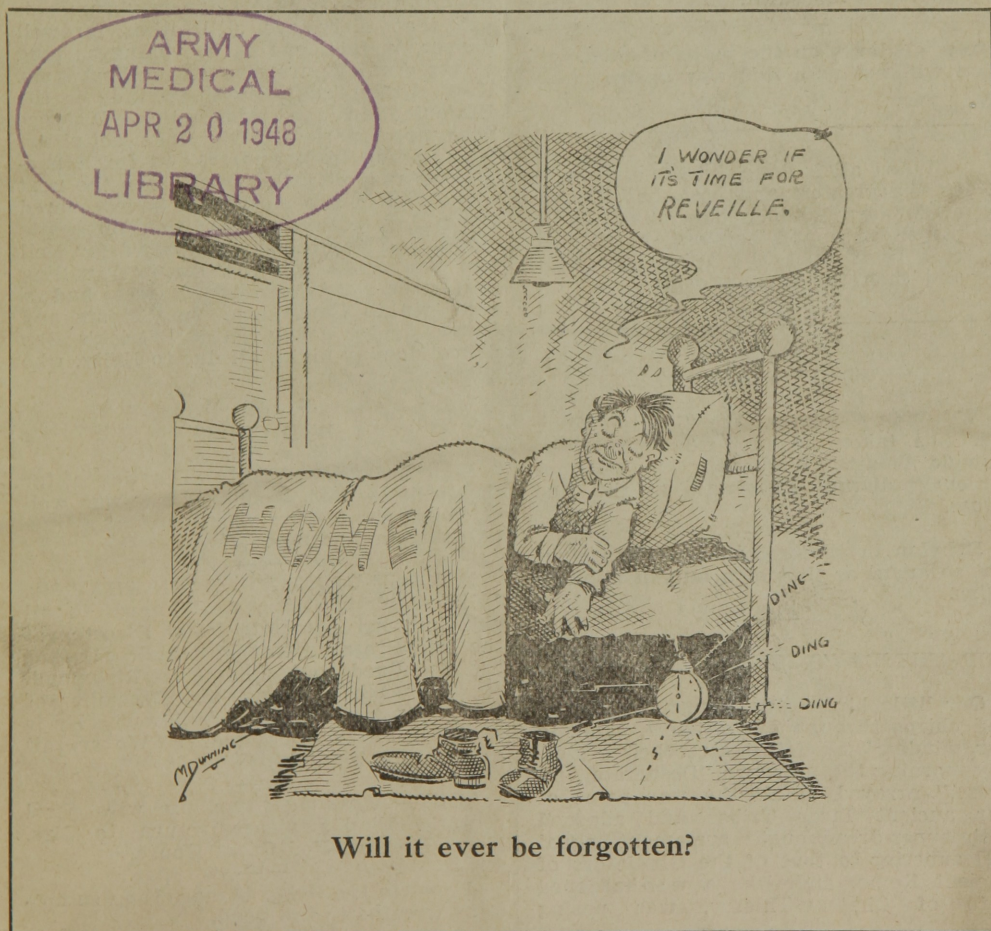
Vol. II

Spring in the world and all things are made new

No. 67

Keith's Big Circuit Vaudeville, followed by

Movies at Red Cross House Tonight



In writing to advertisers  
mention HEADS UP

Officer of Day—Capt. Kramer



## HEADS UP

Published daily, except Sunday, at U. S. Army Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Richmond College, Va.

### STAFF

General Manager.....Corp. Hanson  
Circulation Manager.....Pvt. Dunning  
Staff Correspondent.....Pvt. Midkiff  
Staff Cartoonists.....Dunning and Hanson

### AND

Everybody on the Post.

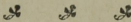
Direct all correspondence to the General Manager, "Heads Up."

### MAIL.

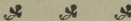
Arrives—9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

Departs—9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

Strew gladness on the paths of men.  
You will not pass this way again.



When all is done, human life, is  
as the greatest and best, but like  
a forward child, that must be  
played with and humored a little  
to keep it quiet 'till it falls asleep  
and then the care is over.



### NEWS OF YESTERDAY.

We understand that the "Major" Pelletier has taken up the cudgel with the outside detail. We trust this will not seriously disrupt his duties at the Red Cross.



Babylon in all its desolation is a sight not so awful as that of a human mind in ruins.

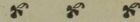


### OUR TUESDAY'S ITEM BEARS FRUIT.

Our little birdie that comes a-mornings and chirps through our window, came to our window and fairly screeched yesterday morning that our own "Desperate Ambrose," arrayed in all the war paint of our ancient Incas Tribes and adorned with super-dreadnought armament, equal and superior to that of the Gladiators of ancient Rome, and, like a war-hardened hero of Chateau-Thierry, was posing

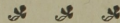
among the ruins of the Mills-Carey home while a catty photographer caught front, back and side views (and perhaps movies) of our "over sea" hero. Surely the Victoria Cross, nor the Distinguished Service Medals could have been missing, and, won't Gladys be just overjoyed when she receives a picture showing her hero a survivor among the ruins.

Any way we know "Heads Up" is read and taken seriously—and we are glad.



### FAREWELLING.

Patti, Bernhardt or Jack Johnson, himself, had nothing on this Post in the way of good bye stuff. And good-bye forever every time up gentle slope way rumor is out that there are still other farewell dances, in fact, one each evening as long as the evenings are, dancers or Post lasts. K. C. Kelly "the shake-it-up kid" is the Ethiopian in the wood pile. Distance does not interfere with Kel's activities. He can hop to Newport News for a one-night stand, play the home burg the next night and in the meantime, have covered Camp Lee with an expedition of gentle slopers. Ubiquitous is the word for Kell and you could add that he is a willing performer. Anyhow the Nurses had a nice trip to Camp Lee, the Officers and Nurses had a lovely Saint Patrick's Day dance Monday night, all due to Kelly, who advertises a dance for every night.



### RED CROSS.

WENT OVER WELL—The dance for the Enlisted Men Monday night was well attended, the feature was plenty of attractive dancing parties.



WE ARE GLAD TO LEARN THAT Mr. Julian Anderson, Sr., well known to all old times as Associate Field Director of the Red Cross on this Post and, who has been confined to his home in Richmond, on account of illness, since December of last year, is now able to be about. He is a visitor on the Post today. We are all glad to see him.



LOST—A green enamel pin with pearl center. Finder please return to Mrs. Kern, Hostess, Red Cross House.



A rose to the living is more than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.



## HEADS UP

COMBINATION IN THE CORNER POCKET.—The half portion pool table in the Red Ex Building is getting quite a play. All ranks, class and conditions of men have given the balls a roll. Old Capt. Collier Clifton has been cueing them, Diamond Dick Kretsinger is gamy on the cloth too. Barlow, the aviator, is the Masse kid, and Ridgaway the Rippler goes in so deep that he gets chalk all over his new uniform. Mr. Johnson (turn me loose) jabs with his port bread hook. The Red Exers are a "top ole" sporting set O. K. If you haven't been in on this Lilliputian pool table, go try your luck.

—O—

ANOTHER BIG KEITH'S BILL ON TONIGHT IN THE RED CROSS HOUSE!!

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THANKS FOR THE COMPLIMENT, BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE STAMPS?

Hospital Train, No. 3, Camp Stuart,  
Newport News, Va., March 14, 1919.  
Corporal H. M. Hanson,

"Editor" of "Heads Up,"

Debarkation Hospital, No. 52,  
Richmond College, Va. ✓

Dear "Ed."—Enclosed please find stamp as per request, for which please send me balance of the "Heads Up" copies, which we boys, formerly of Debarkation No. 52, have missed. We are very interested in same and will appreciate your kindness very much.

From the rumors down here, we are looking forward toward seeing all the smiling countenances of our former army acquaintances. Misery loves company. We have been transferred to the above address and it is quite evident that when you fellows do arrive down here (hope it's true, if it's in "Heads Up," it must be true) we (the Non-Coms) will all be on trips to the different parts of the U. S.

Hope to hear from you real soon. Best wishes from the old bunch.

Your old "Buddie,"

OSCAR ENGBER.

P. S.—I have all copies up until the day we left. OSC.

✿ ✿ ✿

POST EXCHANGE POSITIVELY CLOSES AT 3 P. M., THURSDAY AFTERNOON, to facilitate inventory taking and displaying of goods in readiness for the public auction, Thursday night.

Barber made his last appearance for action yesterday, those who failed to take advantage of it are SURE OUT OF LUCK.

✿ ✿ ✿

And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves while the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

✿ ✿ ✿

PAD AND PENCILING THE RANKERS.

The Officers are whittled down to a hand full. (One could hardly say corporal's guard, could one?)

—O—

Shoulder bar wearers have gone out of business as a selfless conduction organization and placed themselves at the commissariat mercy of Lieut. Lamb, the demon chow churner of Debark 52. (Roll down the gentle slope as it were).

—O—

The Red Cross set, under the able generalship of Mrs. Kern, put down barrage of green postal cards about the tall Ex-Ed. Monday, last. Ye Ex-Ed, thanks all and sundry and post card senders.

—O—

Capt. Joe Alter, the Post envoy extraordinary, has made his last trip from the Post. Capt. Repp please take notice.

—O—

Some advertising medium—"Heads Up" located another lost article. Bagged it in this case. The physician's hand bag advertised as lost, brought this notice into H. U., "If one handbag would find one, a trunk should look behind."

—O—

BIG AUCTION SALE THURSDAY NIGHT AT CANTEEN. HAVE YOUR CHANGE READY.

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ALL COMERS STUNT NIGHT.

Thursday night, after the auction at the Canteen, in the big Red Ex, will occur impromptu vaudeville. Any preparation for an act disqualifies. By the way, showing that we are wise guys, and on the inside, our lynx-eyed adj-ed has a lot of turns up his sleeve, namely, to wit and per example, ventriloquilly (with or without a dummy) side show barking. Also bare back riding. The big Red Exer, we understand, is going to be the white horse. (Have your change ready. Get in line early. Stage, curtains and everything.)



## HEADS UP

### CONGRATULATIONS TO

Pvts. 1st Class Orval B. Fluharty, and James M. Campbell, and Pvts. Frank Pantisano, and Charley Brown, who have been promoted to the grade of cook.

—o—

The Post Exchange council, after viewing the profits of the past few months at this patriotic and uplifting institution, have decided to remember each and every member of the nurses and enlisted personnel with a photograph of their respective organization.

—o—

LISTEN YOU who desire back files of "Heads Up"—they are at Headquarters waiting for you.

—o—

Ezra made a splurge into society last evening at the Richmond Carnival, as he is a member of the NON-Liquor League, was sure that it was a case of optical illusion, as upon entering, his eyes first fell upon a man with two heads. His condition was a trifle less serious upon returning home, for the results of the shock were plainly written all over him.

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After all there is but one race—humanity.

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### OVER THE TRANSOM SCOOPS.

The balmy Zephyrs from the West were rather still on the morning of the Fifteenth of March and the Sharp, Shrill Shrieks of the Shrieking Call "I Can't Get 'Um UP" rang thru the stillness of the East side of the quiet room that contained two of our most esteemed boys. The window of their apartment had evidently closed during the night and this is the CAUSE of the Lonesome Attitude of the Quiet Sleepers. Be it resolved by these boys that from this date and dates to come, that they will try and keep down the quiet spirit and stir a Little life in this matter and when their name is mentioned they will come back with a loud "HERE."

ROLL CALL—I have called thee by thy name, and thou art Mine.

—o—

Sgt. Shiplett, Corp. Young and Pvt. Bowles say that the third floor is a fine place to sleep, but a hard place to waken.

—o—

Gen. Order, No. 23.—To receive, obey, and pass on to our Comrades all Orders that come from West that we may be there in time of need.

—o—

Dinty Moore of the Medics, has been transferred to Camp Hill for Discharge. His "BUDDIE" says he will long and pine for the sound of his "UKALALE" on the last car as she wends her way to Debark. Hosp., No. 52, every night.

—o—

We've been moving in and moving out,  
We've been juggled and jostled and tossed about,

We've been given room and some to spare,  
We've been crowded like hogs at a country fair,

We've been in sections a score of times more,

We've been on every possible floor,  
We've been up, and across, and over and down,

In every building there is in this town;—  
And now we ask in questioning fear,  
"Where in H——l do we go from here "

✿ ✿ ✿

### SILVER STRIPES.

To battlefields we never went

Amidst the cannon roar,  
Tho 'anxious days in camp we spent  
Awaiting our turn to go o'er.

A jealous pain we ought not feel  
Toward the stripes of gold,  
That put the shot and steel,  
Into the Hunland fold.

We backed the punch of a mighty hand  
That stopped the beastly horde,  
From laying waste a peaceful land,  
And put beneath her sword.

—CON MIDKIFF,  
Medical Dept.